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HRS

Epitaphs

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EPITAPHS,

ANCIENT and MODERN,

SERIOUS and COMICAL,

I N

PROSE and VERSE:

Being a Curious COLLECTION of what's
most remarkable of that Kind, in Town
and Country.

in Four Parts

*Like Leaves on Trees the Race of Man is found,
Now green in Youth, now with'ring on the Ground :
Another Race the fall'wing Spring supplies ;
They fall successive, and successive rise :
So Generations in their Course decay :
So flourish these, when those are past away.*

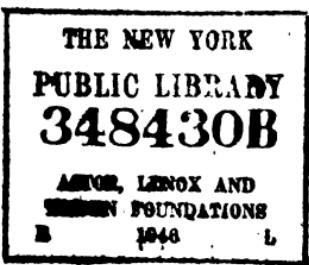
POPE.

W L O N D O N :

Printed for THOMAS HARPER, Copper-Plate
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Fleet-Street.

Price Six-Pence, each Part

17 38?





DEDICATION

TO

Mr WILLIAM WINTER.

SIR,

Peter Murray H. Dec. 25, 1745.



HE generous Encouragement you gave to the Collection of the following Performances of many ingenious Men, to preserve the Memory

A 2

of

of their Deceased Friends, whose Noble Actions they celebrate, has laid me under an Obligation, of presenting them to you.

THE Reading and Contemplating on these Monumental Inscriptions of them who are gone before us, may inspire us, with such heavenly Thoughts, as to prepare our Lives for a better.

IN my collecting of these EPITAPHS, the *Serious* has afforded me Matter of Contemplation, and the *Humorous* has often forced a Smile from me, though in the Mansions of the Dead.

TIME

TIME soon blasts their Witnesses, but these may preserve them to the End of Time: It is now drawing nigh, when both Men and Women, Friends and Enemies, as well as others, will be blended together in one common Mass; when Beauty and Youth, with old Age and Weakness, lie in one general Magazine of Mortality.

THIS Melancholy Amusement has fill'd me with many Thoughts of the World in General, concerning the Troubles and Factions of Mankind; and when I read the Dates of the Tombs

Tombs of some that died Yesterday, and some six hundred Years ago, I consider that great Day when we shall all of us be *Cotempories*, and make our great Appearance together; which, I hope, we shall both that Day see and follow the Faithful to our joyful Rest.

I am, SIR,

Your Most Obliged,

Humble Servant,

G. D.



O · N

D E A T H.

*D*EATH is a fisher-man, the world we see
 His fish-pond is, and we the fishes be ;
 He sometime, angler-like, doth with us play,
 And flyly takes us one by one away :
 Diseases are the murthering hooks which he
 Doth catch us with ; the bait, mortality.
 Which we, poor silly fish, devour, till strook
 At last, too late we feel the bitter hook ;
 At other times, he brings his net, and then
 At once sweeps up whole cities full of men.
 Drawing up thousands at a draught, and saves
 Only some few, to make the other graves ;

His

*His net, some raging pestilence : Now he
Is not so kind as other fishers be ;
For if they take one of the smaller fry,
They throw him in again, he shall not die ;
But Death is sure to kill, all he can get,
And all his fish with him, that comes to net.*



EPITAPHS.



E P I T A P H S.

Ancient, Modern,

SERIOUS and COMICAL.

In the Abby Church of WESTMINSTER.

To the Memory of H E N R Y III.

HE friend of piety and alms-deed,
Henry the third, whilom of England king,
Who this church brake, and after his meed
Again renew'd into this fair building
Now resteth here, which did so great a thing;
He yield his meed, that Lord of deity,
That as one God, reigns in persons three.

A

B

C

On EDWARD I: King of *England*.

DEATH is too doleful, which doth join,
 The high estate full low :
 Which coupleth greatest things with least,
 And last with first also.
 No man hath been in world alive,
 Nor any there may be :
 Which can escape the dint of death,
 Needs hence depart must we.
Onoble and victorious man,
 Trust not unto thy strength !
 For all are subject unto death,
 And all must hence at length.
 Most cruel fate from worldly stage,
 Hath wrest a worthy wight ;
 For whom all *England* mourned loud,
 To see his doleful plight.
EDWARD is dead, which was adorn'd,
 With divers graces here ;
 A king, or fragrant *Nardus* hight,
 A gracious princely peer.
 In heart, the which was *Lybard*-like,
 Right puissant, void of fear ;
 Most slow to strife, discreet and wise,
 And gracious every where.
 In arms, a giant fierce and fell,
 Attempting famous facts ;
 Most prudent, did subdue the proud,
 Byfeat of martial acts.

Int

In Flanders fortune gave to him,
 By lot, right good success ;
 In Wales he wan ; the Scottish rout
 With arms he did suppres.
 This king, without his like alive,
 Did firmly guide his land ;
 And what good-nature could conceive,
 He had it plight at hand.
 He was in justice, and in peace,
 Excelling ; laws took place ;
 Desire to chase all wicked works,
 Did hold this king's good grace.
 He now doth lie intombed here,
 Which further'd each good thing ;
 Now nought he is but dust and bones,
 Which was a worthy king.
 The very son of God, whom erst
 This king did love right dear ;
 Hath given to him immortal bliss,
 For his good living here,

Otherwise,

Whilst liv'd this king, by him all Things,
 Were in most goodly plight ;
 Fraud lay hid, great peace was kept,
 And honesty had might.

On Queen ELEONORE, Wife of EDWARD I,

QUEEN ELENOR * is here interr'd,
 A worthy noble dame ;
 Sister unto the Spanish king,
 Of royal blood and fame.
 King EDWARD's wife, first of that name,
 And prince of Wales by right ;
 Whose father HENRY Just the third,
 Was sure an English wight.
 Who crav'd her wife unto his son,
 The prince himself did go ;
 On that embassage luckily,
 As chief, with many moe.
 This knot of linked marriage,
 Her brother ALPHONSE lik'd ;
 And so 'tween sister and this prince,
 The marriage up was strik'd.
 The dowry rich and royal was,
 For such a prince most meet ;
 For Pontive was the marriage,
 A dowry rich and great.
 A woman both in counsel wise,
 Religious, fruitful, meek ;
 Who did encrease her husband's friends,
 And larg'd his honour eke.

* She died in the Year of our Lord, 1298.

On Queen PHILIPPA, Wife of EDWARD III.

FAIR PHILIP *, *William Henaldes* child,
And youngest daughter dear ;
Of rosefat hue, and beauty bright,
In tomb lies hilled here.
EDWARD the third, thro' mother's will,
And nobles good consent ;
Took her to wife, and joyfully,
With her his time he spent.
His brother *John*, a martial man,
And eke a yalliant knight ;
Did link this woman to this king,
In bonds of marriage right.
This match and marriage thus in blood,
Did bind the *Flemings* sure ;
To *English* men, by which they did,
The *French* man's wrath procure.
This PHILIP, flow'd in gifts full rare,
And treasures of the mind ;
In beauty bright, religion, faith,
To all and each most kind.
A fruitful mother PHILIP was,
Full many a son she bred ;
And brought forth many a worthy knight,
Hardy and full of dread.
A careful nurse to students all,
At *Oxford* she did found ;
Queen's College she, dame palace + school,
That did her fame resound.

¶ i.e. PHILIPPA.

On

On Queen ANNE, RICHARD the II's Wife.

QUEEN ANNE, *Richard* the second's wife,
 Lieth buried in this place ;
 Adorn'd with *Britain's* Crown,
 With whom she found much grace.
 Whose noble fire of daughter proud,
 Of son-in-law full glad ;
 Of *Rome* thrice happy Emperor was,
 And that large empire had.
Wenceslaus, so call'd by name,
 Who thus in joyful plight ;
 Sent her to *London* guarded well,
 With valiant men of might.
 Against whose coming, plays were made,
 And sights and shews were seen ;
 With princely pomp to gratify,
 This noble virgin queen.
 But all men's treasures last not long,
 They hang but on a twine ;
 Or slender thread : Death, kings and queens
 Doth all catch up in fine.
 This queen was of the royal race,
 Of *Romans* by descent ;
 Of all belov'd, most dear to most,
 In honour reluctant.
 Full liberal and bountiful,
 Adorn'd with virtues rare ;
 No child she had, but issueless,
 She lived without such care.

On

On King RICHARD. the Second.

PErfect, and prudent, *Richard* by right the second,
Vanquish'd by fortune, lies here now graven
in stone ;
True of his word, and thereto well resound ;
Seemly in person, and like to *Homer*, as one.
In worldly prudence, and ever the church in one,
Upheld and favour'd, and casting the proud to
ground,
And all that would his royal state confound.

To the Memory of the Late Queen ANN E, by
Dr S M A L D R I D G E.

O Thou, whose lib'ral hand my fortunes rais'd,
O Queen ! for ever lov'd, for ever prais'd ;
Receive the tribute which my numbers bring,
While the muse strikes the *Elegiac* string.
While life was thine, how much to thee I owe,
How plenteous did thy stream of blessings flow ?
O ! how I grieve, for all thy bounty gave,
To bring this mournful off'rning to thy grave !
No time shall ever from my mind deface,
Thy looks, thy glories, and diviner grace.
But most thy antient truth, thy pious soul,
With constant glowings in my bosom roll ;
The dear remembrance ever is imprest,
What love of true religion warm'd thy breast ?

Pleas'd

8 EPI T A P H S Serious and Comical.

Pleas'd * I revolve, as often as I brought,
The suppliant's pray'r, and for the wretched sought,
How kind you heard, how plenteous pour'd your
store,
And tho' I ask'd for much you granted more.
Thus at your sight, affliction grew more mild ;
And fortune lost her anger, as you smil'd.

On the Lord JOHN RUSSEL.

RIGHT noble twice, by virtue, and by birth,
Of heaven lov'd and honour'd on the earth;
His country's hope his kindred's chief delight,
My husband dear, more than this world's light.
Death hath me left : But I from death will take,
His memory, to whom this tomb I make ;
John was his name, (ah was!) Wretch, must I say,
Lord RUSSEL once, now my tear thirst clay.

On FRANCIS Lord HOLLES.

WHAT so, tho' hast of nature, or of arts,
Youth, beauty, strength, or what excelling
parts ;
Of mind and body ; letters, arms, and worth,
His eighteen years, beyond his years brought forth.
Then

* He was Lord Almoner to her Majesty.

Then stand, and read thy self, within this glasse,
How soon those perish, and thy self may pass ;
Man's life is measur'd, by the work, not days,
No aged sloth, but active youth, hath praise.

To the Memory of ELIZABETH CECIL.

A Brooke, by name, the baron Cobham's child,
A Newton was she by her mother's side ;
CECIL, her husband, this for her did build,
To prove his love did after death abide.
Which tells unto the world that after come,
The world's conceit, whilst here she held a room.

How nature made her wise, and well befeeming,
Wit and condition, silent, true, and chast,
Her vertues rare wan her much esteeming,
In court with sovereign, still with favour grac'd :
Earth could not yield more pleasing earthly bliss,
Bless'd with two babes, the third brought her to
this.

On ABRAHAM COWLEY.

WHILE through the world thy labours shine,
Bright as thy self, thou bard divine ;
Thou in thy fame wilt live, and be,
A Partner with Eternity.

Here in soft peace for ever rest,
(Soft as the love that fill'd thy breast :)

C

Let

20 EPI T A P H S Serious and Comical.

Let hoary faith around thy urn,
And all the watchful *Muses*, mourn.

For ever sacred be this room,
May no rude hand disturb thy tomb ;
Or sacrilegious rage and lust,
Affront thy venerable dust.

Sweet Cowley's dust let none profane,
Here may it undisturb'd remain ;
Eternity not take, but give,
And make this stone for ever live.

On MICHAEL DRAITON, Esq; a Memorable
Poet of this Age, 1631.

DO, pious marble, let thy readers know,
What they, and what their children owe,
To DRAITON's name, whose sacred dust,
We recommend unto thy trust.
Protect his memory, and preserve his story,
Remain a lasting monument of his glory.
And when thy ruins shall disclaim,
To be the treasurer of his name.
His name, that cannot fade, shall be,
An everlasting monument to thee.

On the Duke of B U C K I N G H A M.

PR O rege saepe, pro republicâ semper,
Improbus, sed non reprobus vixi ;
Incertus, sed non perturbatus morior,
Christum adveneror Deo solo confido,
Eterno Omnipotenti, ens entium misérere mei.

Thus

Thus attempted in English.

Oft for the king, but ever for the state,
In *doubts* I liv'd, but liv'd no reprobate ;
And as I liv'd in *doubts*, in *doubts* I die,
Yet undisturb'd amidst uncertainty.
For to my Christ, I all due homage pay,
In God alone, my confidence I lay :
That all things does, and shall for ever sway.
Being of Beings, source of entity,
Of all that has been, is, or e'er shall be ;
Have mercy, O great being, upon me.

On the Honourable PHILIP CARTERET.

WHY, lovely youth, should all the nine,
(The lovers both of thee, and thine)
With weeping eyes, and mournful strain,
Of thy untimely death complain ?
For, were I to dispose thy fate,
Thy life had been of longer date.
Behold ! a debt to nature paid :
Roses are nothing when they fade.
Yet I will here a statue grow,
And watchful on thy ashes show,
What to thy memory I owe.
This marble shall preserve thy fame,
And take duration from thy name ;
And tho' thy lov'd relations mourn,
Yet thou shalt an example be,
For learning, and for piety,
To children yet unborn.

On Mrs APHARRA BEHN, dy'd April 16, 1689.

HE R E lies a proof that wit can never be,
Defence enough against mortality.

To the Memory of Sir PALMES FAIRBONE, Knt.
Governor of Tangier.

VE sacred reliques, which your marble keep
Here undisturb'd by wars, in quiet sleep ;
Discharge the trust, which when it was below,
Fairbone's undaunted soul did undergo,
And be the towns *Palladium* from the foe.
Alive and dead these walls he will defend,
Great actions, great examples, must attend ;
The *Candian* siege his early labour knew,
Where *Turkish* blood did his young hands im-
brew.

From thence returning with deserv'd applause,
Against the *Moors* his well-flesh'd sword he
draws,

The same the courage, and the same the cause.
His youth and age, his life and death combine,
As in some great and regular design,
All of a piece throughout, and all divine.
Still nearer Heaven his virtues shone more bright,
Like rising flames expanding in their hight,
The *martir*'s glory crown'd the soldier's fight.
More bravely *British* General never fell,
Nor General's death was e'er reveng'd so well,

Which

Which his pleas'd eyes beheld before their close,
Follow'd by thousand victims of his foes.
To his lamented loss for time to come,
His pious widow consecrates this tomb.

On Dr LAURENCE.

WITH diligence and trust most exemplary,
Did *William Laurence* serve, a prebendary;
And for his pains now past, before not lost,
Gain'd this remembrance at his master's cost.

On JOHN GAVAN.

HIS flesh interred here contain'd a spirit,
Who by God's mercy, and his Saviour's
merit;
Departed in that constant hope, of dust,
Eternally to reign among the just:
To live, die well, was his whole endeavour,
And in a span died to live for ever.

In Memory of THOMAS SMITH.

THE virtues which in his short life were
shown,
Have equall'd been by few, surpass'd by none.

To

To the Memory of MATTHEW PRIOR, by Mr BECKENHAM.

ME A N artifice ! To gild precarious fame !
A *Prior* bears a statue in his *Name*.
True merit does to heights unlabour'd climb,
And mocks the rust of age, and waste of time.
Thus did *Appelles*' hand death's rasure brave,
And share the immortality it gave :
Venus and *Ammon* in his colours shewn,
'Transmit the painter's glory with their own.

On the Late Mr JOHN GAY.

LIFE is a jest ; and all things show it,
I thought so once ; but now I know it ;

OF manners gentle, of affections mild,
In wit, a man ; simplicity, a child !
With native humour temp'ring virtuous rage,
Form'd to delight at once and lash the age.
Above temptation, in a low estate,
And uncorrupted, ev'n among the great ;
A safe companion, and an easy friend,
Unblam'd thro' life, lamented in thy end.
These are thy honours ! not that here thy bust,
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust ;
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms — *Here lies GAY.*

A. POPE.

On

On Mrs FRANCIS MEYRICK.

TH Y judge will sure on thee a crown bestow,
Whose vertues do imbalm thy name below.

On Sir GODFREY KNELLER.

KNeller, by heav'n, and not a master taught,
Whose art was nature, and whose pictures
thought,
When now two ages he had snatch'd from fate,
Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great.
Rests crown'd with princes honours, poets lay,
Due to his merit, and brave thirst of praise ;
Living great nature fear'd, he might out vie
Her works ; and dying, fears herself may die.

A. POPE.

On THOMAS RAVENSCROFT, Armig.

WHAT I gave I have,
What I spent I had,
What I left I lost by not giving it.

On

On Secretary CRAIGS.

Statesman, yet friend to truth ! of soul sincere,
 In action faithful and in honour clear !
 Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end ;
 Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend ;
 Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd ;
 Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the muse he lov'd.

A. POPE.

Mrs Mary Whitelamb's Epitaph. By her Sister.

If highest worth or beauties bloom,
 Exempted mortals from the tomb ;
 We had not mourn'd MARIA here,
 Attended by her offspring dear.
 Here innocence from harm is bless'd,
 And here the weary are at rest ;
 Fierce pangs she bore without complaint,
 Till heav'n reliev'd the finish'd saint.
 If savage bosoms felt her woe,
 Who liv'd and dy'd without a foe ;
 How should I mourn, or how commend,
 My tend'rest firmest, only friend.
 Most pious, prudent, mild, and chaste,
 With ev'ry social virtue grac'd ;
 If reader thou woud'st taste and know,
 The ease she found not here below.
 To perfect bliss and endless day,
 Her bright example points the way.

Another.

In the Church-Yard of St Dunstan's Stepney.

*To the Memory of Dame REBECCA BERRY,
Aged 52.*

COME ladies ye that would appear
 Like angels fair, come dress you here ;
 Come dress you at this marble stone,
 And make that humble grace your own,
 Which once adorn'd as fair a mind,
 As e'er it lodg'd in woman kind ;
 So she was dress'd whose humble life,
 Was free from pride, was free from strife :
 Free from all envious broils and jars,
 Of human life the civil wars ;
 She ne'er disturb'd her peaceful mind,
 Which still as gentle, still was kind.
 Her very looks, her garb was mean,
 Disclos'd the humble soul within ;
 Trace her through every scene of life,
 View her as widow, virgin, wife,
 Still the same humble she appears,
 The same in youth, the same in years ;
 The same in low, in high estate,
 Ne'er vex'd with this, nor vex'd with that.
 Go ladies now, and if you'd be,
 As fair, as great, as good as she,
 Go learn of her humility.

D

T.

To the Memory of Mrs JEAN ASTON.

Tremendous God! who know'st my throbbing heart,
Force dissolution to this breast impart ;
Some Relaxation from this swelling pain,
Till I relate the virtues of my *Jean*.

Love without folly, wisdom without pride,
Mirth with discretion always fortify'd,
Firm in thy faith, O blessed JESUS, died.

On Mrs MARY NOT.

NO T born, not christen'd, not begot,
Here she lies, that was and is not,
And which is more,
Not honest, not a whore ;
Reader behold, a wonder rately wrote,
Which whilst thou seemest to read, thou readest
not.

On Mr BROWN.

TH E greedy worms devour my skin,
And gnaw my waisting flesh ;
Till CHRIST shall build my bones again,
And call me forth to rest.

On

On THOMAS BLUDDER.

Reader until thou knowest how to prize
 These neighb'ring ashes, pass and spare
 thine eyes ;
 E'er thou art privileg'd to weep thou must,
 Be brought acquainted with this noble dust.
 And know so elegant a worth lies here,
 T'were wrong to stain it with a common tear.

On a Gentleman who dy'd the Day after his Wife.

SHE first departed, he for one day try'd
 To live without her : Lik'd it not and dy'd.

On Mrs BELL.

WIthout a name for ever senseless, dumb,
 Dust, ashes, nought else lies within this
 tomb ;
 Where'er I liv'd, or dy'd, it matters not,
 To whom related, or of whom begot,
 I was, but am not, ask no more of me,
 'Tis all I am, and all that you shall be.

On a Scolding Wife.

IF over this stone you chance to walk,
Pray walk softly, for if she wakes,
By G—d she'll talk.

On Sir ISAAC ROT.

AS death one day was passing by
Rot's door, on *Rot* he cast an eye ;
At first indeed he was amaz'd,
And stood awhile, but when he'd gaz'd,
He spoke in language somewhat boisterous,
What *Rot* above ground, O preposterous !
With that in hand he took his dart,
And stuck it clever thro' *Rot's* heart :
His body then (Heav'n rest his soul)
He flung into a dirty hole ;
Lie there, *says he*, for 'tis thy lot,
The grave appointed was to rot.

In the Wall of the Church.

OF Carthage great I was a stone,
O mortals read with pity ;
Time consumes all, it spareth none,
Man, mountain, town or city.

Therefore,

Therefore, O mortals, all bethink
 You whereunto you must,
 Since now such stately buildings do
 Lie buried in the dust.

To the Memory of Mrs ANGEL.

TO say an angel here interr'd doth lie,
 May be thought strange for angels never
 die :
 Indeed some fell from heav'n to hell,
 Are lost, and rise no more :
 This only fell from death to earth,
 Not lost but gone before.
 Her dust lodg'd here, her soul perfect in grace,
 'Mongst saints and angels now hath took it's
 place.

To the Memory of Capt. JOHN DUNCH.

THO' Boreas' blasts, and Neptune's waves
 Have toss'd me too and fro,
 In spight of both by God's decree,
 I harbour here below.
 Where I do now at anchor ride,
 With many of our fleet,
 Yet once again I must set sail,
 Our admiral CHRIST to meet.

On

D

On THOMAS SAFFIN.

HEre *Thomas Saffin* lies interr'd, ah why !
 Born in *New-England*, did in *London* die ;
 Was the third son of right begat upon,
 His mother *Martba* by his father *John*.
 Much favour'd by his Prince he 'gan to be,
 But nipt by death at th' age of 23 ;
 Fatal to him was that, we *Small-Pox* name,
 By which his mother and two brethren came,
 Also to breath their last, nine years before,
 And now have left their father to deplore,
 The loss of all his Children with that wife,
 Who was the joy and comfort of his life,

On WILLIAM WHEATLY.

WHOEVER treadeth on this stone,
 I pray you tread most neatly ;
 For underneath this stone doth lie,
 Your old friend *William Wheatly*.

On JOHN TWELL. Aged 16.

MY time is short, the longer is my rest,
 God call'd me hence, because he thought
 it best.

On

On a young Lady.

Underneath this stone doth lie,
As much virtue as could die ;
Which, when alive, could vigour give,
To as much beauty as could live.

B. JOHNSON.

On JOHN HARVEY.

DEATH is the painful way that all must
tread,
Joyful to them that are by virtue led ;
Then grieve not, friends, because I died so soon,
I my day's journey finished at noon.

On SAMUEL BROWN.

IN this same tomb my body lies at rest,
Till Christ my king shall raise it to be blest ;
For at his coming I am sure to see,
My righteous Judge, my Saviour for to be.

On

On an old Miser.

HERE lies father Sparges,
Who died to save charges.

On Sir JERNAGAN.

JESUS CHRIST, both God and man,
Save thy servant Jernagan.

On NATHANIEL FOWLER.

HE was one that feared the Lord,
True and faithful to his word ;
In his dealings just to all,
To the poor most liberal.
A kind relation, a good friend,
Liv'd in peace, in peace did end.

On a Lock-Smith.

AZealous lock-smith died of late,
And did arrive at heaven's gate ;
He stood without, and wou'd not knock,
Because he meant to pick the lock.

Another

Another on BARB. GRANVILLE.

DESTIN'd on earth to undergo,
An equal share of guilt and woe ;
All various griefs of human race,
Within this breast had once a place.
Without complaint I learn'd to bear,
A living death, a long despair ;
'Till hard oppress'd by adverse fate,
O'ercharg'd I sunk beneath the weight :
And to this peaceful tomb retir'd,
So much esteem'd, so long desir'd.

Tho' some my fame unjustly blot,
This moves not me, I hear 'em not ;
Nor injur'd love, nor want severe,
Nor deep reproach can touch me here ;
The pleasing vital conflicts o'er,
A broken heart can bleed no more.

On JOHN TOPPAM.

READER we from this monument may
gather,
John Toppam was one *Richard Toppam's* father ;
And what's more strange, we find upon this stone,
That *Richard Toppam* was *John Toppam's* son.

E

On

On the Lord of Lampus.

HERE six foot deep, fast a sleep,
The lord of *Lampus* lies ;
Who with his blade
His own grave made,
Betwixt his mistress' thighs.
If thro' that hole, to heaven he stole,
I dare be bold to say ;
He is the first and will be last,
That ever went that way.

Another.

BEHOLD this tomb,
It doth embrace ;
A virtuous wife,
With *Rachel's* comely face ;
Sarah's Obedience,
Lydia's open heart,
Martha's care,
And *Mary's* better part.

To the Memory of WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.

GOOD friend for Jesus sake forbear,
To dig the dust enclosed here ;
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curs'd be that removes my bones.

On

ON JOHN A-COMB, *an old Usurer*, by SHAKESPEAR, at COMB's Request.

TEN in the hundred here lies engrav'd,
 'Tis a hundred to ten if his soul is not sav'd;
 But if any one should ask, who lies in this tomb,
 Oh! Oh! quoth the D—l 'tis my John A-Comb.

On Mr JOHN EARL.

THIS fickle world contriv'd and made a play,
 I came to see't dislik'd, and past away;
 From this terrestrial to the celestial sphere,
 To meet sweet JESUS CHRIST my Saviour dear.

**To the Memory of MICHAEL GODFREY, slain
 at the Siege of Namure.**

THE God of battle, found in foreign parts
 The son of *Hermes* form'd for peaceful
 arts,
 And thought it lawful prize to take his blood,
 Because so near a warrior king he stood.

To the Memory of Dame ELIZABETH WHITE.

HER noble soul and lovely body join'd,
Were once the joy and wonder of mankind ;
They who have known her thus with sighs confess,
They wish they'd known her still, or known her
less ;

Her race was short, the longer is her rest,
God only wise, disposes all things best.

On JOHN SAUL.

HERE lies Jack, the son of Saul,
A Spittlefields weaver, and that's all.

On Captain MAYNARD.

IN this cold tomb, his silent ashes rest,
Whose pious soul is number'd with the blest ;
From truth in this false world he never fwerv'd,
But God and king with full devotion serv'd.
To both obedient, to his country just,
True to his friend, and faithful to his trust ;
Generous to all, and to his neighbours kind,
Liberal to the poor, and of a noble mind ;
Moral in all the actions of his life,
And a good husband to a virtuous wife.

On

On Mr WRAY.

HERE lieth wrapt in clay,
The body of WILLIAM WRAY,
I have no more to say.

*On the Body of Mrs WILLIAMS.*

THus youth and age, and all things pass away,
Thy turn is now, as her's was yesterday.

On the Body of Mrs SANDYS.

IN heaven her soul,
In me her love,
Her body resteth here,
Which is to God,
Was to the world,
To me, her husband, dear.

On Mr PRIOR,

PAINTERS and Heralds by your leave,
Here lies the body of Matthew Prior.
The son of Adam and of Eve,
Let Nassau or Bourbon go higher.

On

On Sir HENRY LEIGH.

HERE Sir *Henry Leigh* is lying,
With his *Doxy* kneeling by him ;
When he was alive and had his feeling,
When she lay down, then he was kneeling ;
But now he's dead, and has lost his feeling,
Now he lies down, she is kneeling.

SEDLEY.

On a BAILEY.

HERE he lies beside a witch,
Hated both by poor and rich,
How he fends, or how he fares,
No body knows, nor no body cares.

On a PRIZE-FIGHTER.

HIS thrust's like lighting flew yet subtil death
Parred them all, and beat him out of breath.

In Gloucester Church,

PRAY for the soul of *Gabriel John*,
Who died in the year sixteen hundred and one
Or if you don't, it is all one.

On

On an ORGANIST.

HEre lies J. Stone, who made the organ for
to speak,
Or as it were to squeak.
Præivit.

On MARY GAUDY.

THIS fair young virgin, for a nuptial bed
More fit, is lodg'd (sad fate) among the dead,
Storm'd by rough winds, so falls in all her pride,
The full blown rose design'd to adorn a bride.

On a Grave's Stone in Barkin Church.

PAssenger stay, and bend thy eye,
On figures of mortality,
Advise thee here; live well, so die,
Then pass on to eternity.

On one nam'd JOHN.

DEATH came to John,
And whisper'd in his ear;
You must die John;
D'ye hear?

Quoth

Quoth *John* to *Death*,
 The news is bad :
 No matter, quoth *Death*,
 I've said.

On a Chaste MAID.

HEre lies the body of a beauteous maid,
 Whose secret parts no man did e'er invade ;
 Scarce her own hand she wou'd admit to touch,
 That virgin spring, altho' it itch'd so much.
 She dy'd at eighteen years of age, and then
 She gave to worms what she deny'd to men :
 But t'was her last Request, with dying groans,
 To have no tomb at all, if built with stones ;
 Such vig'rous things she always us'd to wave,
 And fear'd they wou'd disturb her in her grave.

Scotch EPITAPHS.

HO ! ho ! who lies here,
 Honest *Jemmy* our Pipeer ;
 What *Jemmy* the younger ? *Fie, Fie, Fie !*
 What *Jemmy* the elder ? *Ay, Ay, Ay.*

On

On JOHN BELL.

Johnny Bell ligeth underneath this stane,
 Five of my awn sons laid it on my wame ;
 I liv'd a'w my days, without sturt or strife,
 I had meat in my house, and was master of my
 wife.

If any of yea have done more in your time, than
 I have in mine,
 Take the stane aff my wame, and lay it on thine.

The EPITAPH of MARGERY SCOTT. Died at
Dunkeel.

ST O P Passengers until my life you read,
 The living may have knowledge of the dead ;
 Fife times five years, I lived a virgin's life, 25
 Ten times five years, I was a virtuous wife. 50
 Ten times five years, I lived a widow chaste, 50
 Now tired of this mortal life I rest ; 125
 Between the cradle and the grave hath been,
 Eight mighty kings of *Scotland* and a queen.
 Four times five years a common-wealth I saw,
 Ten times the subject rose against the law ;
 Twice did I see old Prelacy pull'd down,
 And twice the cloak was humbled by the gown.
 An end of *Stuarts* race I saw, no more,
 I saw my country sold for *English* oar ;
 Such violation in my time hath been,
 I have an end of all perfection seen.

F

To

To the Memory of Sir WALTER RALEIGH.

Great heart who taught thee so to die ?
 Death yielding thee the victory.
 Where took'st thou leave of life ? If here,
 How could'st thou be so far from fear ;
 But sure thou dyed'st and quit'dst the state,
 Of flesh and blood, before that fate.
 Else what a miracle were wrought,
 To triumph both in flesh and thought.
 I saw in every stander by
 Pale death, life only in thy eye ;
 The legacy thou gav'st us then,
 We'll sue for when thou diest again ;
 Farewel, truth shall this story say,
 We died, thou only liv'dst that day.

On Mrs JUDITH KELLOW.

Here slumbers *Kellow* on a bed of rest,
 In every scene of life with virtue blest ;
 Her pious deeds, shall fill the mouth of fame,
 When lasting marble cannot shew her name.

To

To the Memory of Charles Vicaridge.

WHY should I be unwilling to dye,
That has liv'd so long in pain ;
But rather chuse to go to Christ,
And there with him remain.

*In Islington Church Yard.**On Eliz. Atkins.*

MY dearest spouse then weep no more,
Nor children shed a tear ;
For I am gone but just before,
Unto my Saviour dear.

On Matthew Dorrington

ISuffer'd long in pain and grief,
I daily sought the lord for his relief ;
For I no help nor ease on earth could have,
'Till death did call me to his silent grave.

On Mr John Webb.

WHEN God cuts off the thread of life,
Then fatal death parts man and wife.

*In St James's Clerkenwell.**On Cornelius Harvey.*

IN this same grave my body lies at rest,
 'Till Christ my king shall raise me to be blest.
 This world is nothing, heaven is all,
 Death did not hurt me by my fall.
 At the great marriage I shall rise,
 With favour in the bridegroom's eyes..
 Tho' every friend for me doth weep,
 I am not dead but fast asleep.

On a Youth.

Beneath this little length of stone,
 In peace a youth is laid,
 How soon cut off! just seen and known,
 Just blooming and decay'd.
 Thy parents joy, their chieftest care,
 Rest in thy urn secure,
 They only know the grief they bear,
 For they alone endure ;
 In death secur'd from woes retir'd,
 In innocence now rest ;
 What made thee here to be admir'd,
 In heaven now makes thee blest..

To

To the Memory of the late celebrated Comedian Mr William Wilks.

TO weep o'er Virtue's sleeping dust is vain,
Tears never rais'd the dead to life again.
If fondness hangs lamenting o'er the urn,
'Tis our own loss we obstinately mourn,
The dead repose in peace, and wish not a
return. } }

From *Wilks'* lov'd name, these serious thoughts
arise,

A prologue starts his image to our eyes ;
Again we wish him to adorn the stage,
Again we want the favourite of the age :
Pensive for him the comic muse appears,
And all the smiles and loves are dew'd with tears
Away each wanton mask of mirth is thrown,
And sorrow paints their features like her own ;
Wit like the lute unturn'd, in silence lies,
Without his master touch the music dies ;
O ! cou'd the grateful shade from fate receive
A transient term, an hour to speak and live,
On this great moment, *Wilks* would surely break
Death's iron slumber and in triumph wake,
To see the fair, the great, the good appear,
Friends to his fame, in one bright circle here,
To enjoy with rapture the deserv'd applause,
That justice freely gives and merit draws ;
To hail the royal names, by heaven design'd,
A public good and form'd to bless mankind :

Who

Who use a throne but as a rising ground,
 To look on life, and learn the prospect round,
 To right the injur'd, hear the suppliant's cry;
 And wipe the starting tear from sorrow's eye ;
 Distinguish genius on the muses smile,
 And pour a Blaze of virtues o'er the ilse,
 Enough ! the gladsome shade would then exclaim ;
 The present night's worth all my former fame ;
 Ev'n life itself, no higher transports gave,
 Nor can a nobler trophy consecrate my grave,

On the Death of Barton Booth, Esq;

Late Tragedian in Drury-Lane.

AID, all ye tuneful nine, my feeble lays,
 To sing my late, but worthy patron's
 praise ;
 He was my friend ; nor can I check my grief,
 Unless this grateful tribute brings Relief.
 In him each moral virtue was display'd,
 Nor one mean principal his soul betray'd ;
 Kind heaven had form'd him good as well as
 great,
 Zealous to love, but never known to hate ;
 He in such tender acts employ'd his store,
 That even envy wish'd he might have more.
 Booth in his art so far excell'd mankind,
 That few of equal worth are left behind ;

Heroes

Heroes renown'd in him were justly shewn,
 And *Cato's* character was but his own :
 When he describ'd, our fancy saw the war,
 Or mountains rise, or meteors blaze in air :
 In grief such energy his actions bore,
 'Tis pity now, what wonder was before.
 But when in him great *Brutus* was display'd,
 To see him sternly view dread *Cæsar's* shade, }
 Neglect and indolence atttention paid.
 When *Booth* expir'd, the tragic muse did groan }
 Tears did the faded eyes of Pleasure drown,
 And Harmony her instrument threw down.
 Ev'n sullen Death stood weeping o'er his urn,
 And griev'd to think what rashly he had doae.
 What pity 'tis that judgment, wit and sense,
 Shou'd not from Death the bright possessor fence ?
 What time we spend ! what toils we undergo,
 To shine in arts, Death ruins at a blow !
 Scarce we attain things worthy of the man,
 But to our kindred clay we change again.
 No reason in the infant soul we spy,
 That speaks its mighty lineage from the sky, }
 And e'er we're finish'd as we ought we die.
 By nature favour'd and by art refin'd,
Booth for a perfect model was design'd ;
 But he is gone sublimer joys to prove,
 And sing with angels in the choir above :
 And may his *virtues* prove as welcome there,
 As his lost Merits are lamented here.

O.

On the Death of Mr Mills late Comedian.

When Merit falls, the world in general tears,
Deplores it's loss, it's memory reveres,
 Sacred to endless time, O *Mills* be thine !
 Light lie the *dust* ! and *honours* wait thy shrine !
 From *him* the partial world shall candour learn,
 And *solid worth* in any shape discern ;
 Meanly thy *ceasur*, who' thro' frantic Rage,
 Would banish *virtue* wholly from the stage.
 That there it *shines* let his example shew,
Just to all parties, to no sect a foe ;
 Free, social, honest, pious without *pride*,
 He liv'd *unblam'd* by all, *lamented* died.
 Illustrious *shade* ! do thou our souls inspire,
 Infuse thy truth, spread round thy genial fire ;
 Instruct, correct, and warm each gen'rous mind,
 To gain like *thee* the *Plaudit* of mankind.

*On an Alderman of Norwich, by a Parish Clerk,
 made at his Request in his Life-time.*

Underneath this clod of dirt,
 Lies one, who never yet did hurt ;
 But reader I'd be understood,
 As he ne'er did hurt, he ne'er did good.
 And as he did neither good nor harm,
 'Twould been e'en as well if he'd ne'er been born.

On

On Robert Preston, late Drawer at the Boar's Head, East Cheap.

Bacchus, to give the toping world surprize,
Produc'd one sober son, and here he lies.
Tho' nurs'd among full hogheads, he defy'd
The charms of wine, and ev'ry vice beside ;
O reader ! if to justice thou'rt inclin'd,
Keep honest *Preston* daily in thy mind.
He drew good wine, took care to fill his pots,
Had sundry virtues that outweigh'd his faults.
You that on *Bacchus* have the like dependance,
Pray copy *Bob* in measure and attendance.

EDW. WARD.

Sarah the Quaker to Lothario lately deceased, on meeting him in the Shades.

FOR love had like the canker worm,
Consum'd her early prime ;
The rose grew pale and left her cheek,
She dy'd before her time.

On Mary Creswell.

Underneath this stone lies one,
Whom many a time, I've lain upon ;
I have kiss'd her setting, standing, lying,
When she rises again, have at her flying.

G.

On

On the late famous Tom. King, who kept a Coffee-House in Covent Garden.

Here lieth *Tom King*, a heart of bold plight,
Who snoar'd all the day, and swore all the night ;
A man yet withal, that to heaven's no debtor,
Since he cut short this life in hopes to live better ;
His wife stays behind, not dreading of evil,
For truth 'tis to say, she's a match for the d—l.

To the Memory of Rebecca Davies.

Admir'd, belov'd, lamented infancy,
Hurry'd away, does here untimely lie,
Too good to live, and yet too young to die.
Hard fate ! that best of things must be,
Always the plunder of the grave and thee ;
What grief can vent this loss, or praises tell,
How young, how good, how beautiful she fell ;
Compleat in all, but days, resign'd her breath,
Who never disobey'd, but in her death.

On Mrs Mary Drake.

LA D E N with years, by sickness prest,
This pious matron came to rest ;
A fair example of good life,
She was a chaste and loving wife.

Her

Her house did shew her prudent care,
 She knew both how to spend and spare ;
 Mourn not, she's gone where tears do cease,
 Her upright life did end in peace.

On Captain William White.

Cease labours, rest ye seas of cares and fears,
 Whose waves have toss'd me six and forty
 years ;
 And now go sleep mine eyes, sleep here till ye,
 Awake shall my Redeemer's glory see.
 Sleep till my happy soul rejoined may,
 With recreated body live for aye.
 Heaven so great a price it cost,
 That not one atom shall be lost ?
 But shall arise and cloathed be,
 In bliss and immortality.

On Mr John Bright.

After a short, but sharp Affliction here,
 I take my leave of you my parents dear,
 Low here I lie in this soft bed of dust,
 Waiting the resurrection of the just.
 I, *Phoenix* like, have my first rising known,
 And on the wings of love am upward flown ;

G 2

My

My heavenly part is ascended up on high,
Whilst on earth my earthly part doth lie.
My parents dear, my time was short you see,
So live and die, that you may rest with me.

On a Flat Stone in the Church-yard of Steeple-Morden, Cambridgshire, are the following Lines, written by a Farmer of the said Parish.

On a young Woman, that was found murder'd in her Master's House, by a Person or Persons, as yet unknown.

H E R E lies interr'd a harmless maid,
By cruel hands to death betray'd ;
And tho' the murder is conceal'd
On earth, in heav'n it is reveal'd.
And whoe'er did it soon will know,
The righteous judge knows all below ;
Therefore repent, whoe'er you be,
Or I foretell your Destiny ;
In hell's hot furnace dark and deep,
Your wretched soul shall wail and weep ;
Whilst her's, I trust, in heaven high,
Shall soar above the lofty sky.

Obiit, Feb. 18. 1734.

*An Epitaph on Robert Purseglove sometime Bishop
of Hull, buried at Litchfield, 1579.*

UNDER this stone here doth lie,
 A corps sometime of fame ;
 In Tideswall bred and born truly,
 Robert Purseglove by name.
 And there brought up by parents dear,
 At school and learning trade ;
 Till afterwards by uncle dear,
 To London he was had,
 Who William Bradshaw hight by name,
 In Paul's which did him place ;
 And there at school did him maintain,
 Full thrice three whole years.
 And then into the Abbery,
 Was plac'd as I was ;
 In Southwark called, where it doth lie,
 St. Mary Overis.
 To Oxford then who did him send,
 Into that College right ;
 And there fourteen years did him find,
 Which Corpus Christi hight.
 From thence at length away he went,
 A Clerk of learning great ;
 To Gisburn abbey streight was sent,
 And plac'd in Prior's seat.
 Bishop of Hull he was also,
 Archdeacon of Nottingham ;
 Provost of Rotheram College too,
 Of York eak suffragan,

Two

Two Grammar schools he did ordain,
 With land for to endure ;
 One hospital for to maintain,
 Twelve impotent and poor.

O Gisburn thou with Tiddefwall town,
 Lament and mourn you may ;
 For this clerk of great renown,
 Lieth here compact in clay.

Though cruel Death hath now down brought,
 This body which here doth lie ;
 Yet trump of fame stay can he nought,
 To sound his praise on high.

Round the Verge of the Stone is this :

Christ is to me as life on earth, and death to me
 is pain,

Because I trust through him alone salvation to
 obtain.

So brittle is the state of man, so soon he doth
 decay,

So all the glory of this world must pass and fade
 away.

An

An Epitaph from the Cathedral at Bristol.

*To the Memory of Mrs Bridget Weeks, descended
from the noble Family of the Greenvilles in Corn-
wall, and the St Ligers in Devon, and the Re-
lict of the Rev. John Week, S. S. Th. Pr. and
Prebend of Bristol.*

BY birth a *Greenvill*, and that name
Was eas' epitaph and fame :
To make her lasting ; but the stone
Would that this little more be known :
She was whilst she did live a wife,
The glory of her husband's life.
Her sexes credit, and the sphere,
Wherein the virtues all mov'd here :
And 'tis no doubt but grief had made,
The husband as the wife a shade ;
But that his Death heaven did defer,
A while to stay and weep for her.

On a Gallant Young Lady.

ON this marble drop a tear,
Here lies poor *Rosalind* ;
All mankind were pleas'd with her,
And she with all mankind.

EPITAPHIUM

EPITAPHIUM.

MA G N U M quod cernis cæmiterium
Petri Needham,

S. T. P.

Ingentes occupant reliquiae.

Qui cum multa sua ediderat

Multa non sua ederat.

Obiit.

Mæstā cinerum dies

M D C C X X X V I .

*An Epitaph pinn'd upon the Bed Curtain of a
Couple newly married.*

Hic jacet.

Læta spe carnis resurrectionis
Eximiae puella pulchritudinis,
Miræ suavitatis comitatisque
Nulla vénutas corpori defuit
Nullus animi decor;
Tandem in ejus sinu recepta
Quem maxime concupiverat,
Lubenter persolvens naturæ debitum,
Placide obdormit.

In

These Inscriptions are inserted at the particular Desire of a Gentleman.

In the Church of Paddington in the County of Middlesex.

To the Memory of Peter Lane, M. A. who suffer'd much in the time of the late Rebellion.

HE was formerly Fellow of St John's College Cambridge, and at length Rector of St Bennet's, Paul's-Wharf, and of St Peter's, London, also minister of this parish. He died May, 1688, aged 75.

In Cockermouth Church in Cumberland.

HERE lies Henry Lowther, Esq; the last heir male of that ancient branch of the Lowthers, for many years seated at Ingleton Hall, in Yorksbire, and lord of the manor of Lowther Town in the County of Fermanagh in Ireland. He was the son of Sir Richard Lowther, Kt. govenour of Pomfret Castle, in the time of K. Charles the 1st, and nearly allied to baron Lowther, lord viscount of Lonsdale. He married Margaret, the daughter of Miles Halton, Esq; high sheriff of Cumberland, by whom he had issue four daughters. He dyed May 24, 1673,
Atat. 44.

H

AS

At Ely Church.

UMphrid. Tindale, nobili Norfolcensium
Tyndallorum fam: oriundus, decanus
4tus eccl. obiit 12, Octobris, an salutis, 1614,
an ætatis suæ 65.

At the bottom of his feet.

Useque quo domine, useque quo?

The body of the worthy and reverend prelate, *Umphrey Tindale*, D. D. the fourth dean of of this church, and master of *Queen's College, Cambridge*, doth here expect the coming of, our Saviour.

In presence, government, good actions, and
in birth,
Grave, wise, courageous, noble was his earth.
The poor, the church, the college say here lies,
A friend, a dean, a master true, good, wise.

Miles

Miles Courthope lieth interr'd in Gloucester Cathedral, 1658.

NO sooner peep'd i' th' world, come out
o'th' womb,
Of my dear mother, but hurried to my tomb ;
Death was my harbinger, my nurse the grave,
My life no life, till now my God I have.

An Epitaph on Dr Nicholas Bullingham, Bishop of Worcester.

HE R E born, here bishop, buried here,
A *Bullingham* by name and stock ;
A man twice married in God's fear,
Chief pastor late of *Lincoln* flock.
Whom *Oxford* trained up in youth,
Whom *Cambridge* Doctor did create ;
A painful preacher of the truth,
Who chang'd this life for happy state.

April 18, 1576.

H 2

Cardinal

Cardinal Wolsey was buried, Nov. 29. 1530. In Leicester abbey in the middle of the lady's chapel of that monastery, which being destroy'd, and the church demolish'd at the dissolution; and no foundation of it at this time possible to be discover'd, prevented a late pious design of removing his ashes to his own collège at Oxon, and erecting a monument there, the want of which gave occasion to a right Rev. Member of his foundation to complain thus in the last age.

AND though from his own store, *Wolsey*
might have,
A palace or a college for his grave ;
Yet here lies neglected, as if all,
Of him to be remember'd were his fall.
Nothing but earth to earth, no pompous weight,
Upon him but a pebble or a quait ;
If thou art thus neglected what may we,
Hope for after Death, who are but shreds of
thee.

In St Giles's Church at Oxford.

HERE lies the body of *John Franklen*,
What old *John Franklen*? Nay, nay,
What young *John Franklen*? Yea, yea.

At

*At the Request of Mr Samuel Læavis, the under
written Inscriptiou is desir'd to be incerted, taken
from a Grave-Stone in St Meatins Church in
Leicester, 1723.*

HE R B lieth buried the body of *John Hearick* of this Parish, who departed this life, April 20, 1589. Being about the age of 76, he did marry *Mary* the daughter of *John Bond*, Esq; of *Warden*, in the county of *Warwick*, who liv'd with the said *Mary* his wife in one house 52 years, and in all that time, never buried any out of the family, although there was four times twenty in that house, he had five sons and seven daughters, the said *John Hearick* was mayor in 1559, and again in the year 1572. The said *Mary* his wife departed this life the 8th of *December* being of the age of 97. She did see before her death, of her children, and childrens children, and their children to number of 142.

On a Famous Toast at Oxford.

ON E stone now keeps *Kitty* down,
Who when alive mov'd half the stones in
town.

In

In St Pancras Church-yard, near London.

To the Memory of George Fuller, Gent.

HE was just of word, in every thought sincere,
Who knew no wish but what the world
might hear ;
The pattern of an unaffected mind,
Lover of peace and friend to humane kind,
Go live for heaven's eternal years are thine,
Go and exalt thy moral to divine ;
Those title rites, a stone and verse, receive,
'Tis all a wife o'erwhelm'd with grief can give.

On Mrs Elizabeth Carlton.

HAD heaven commission'd Death to hold his
hand,
A virtue could the force of fate withstand ;
This beaut'ous virgin had been longer liv'd,
Nor we so soon of her rich worth depriv'd.
Her charming youth, her meekness, wit and
sense,
Her charity, her truth, her innocence ;
But ripe for good, her soul ascending flew,
And early bid the sinful world adieu ;
Reader make hast her graces to attain,
That thou as she in bliss may'st ever reign.

Ta

To the Memory of Daniel Clark.

Reader before this monumental stone,
 Two bodies lie inter'd that once were one ;
 Whom Death did for a time divorce,
 And now hath married coarse to coarse.
 Their ashes meet in Death and have,
 For their new marriage-bed the grave ;
 A third they yet expect, that fate,
 Nor time, nor force shall violate ;
 Were both shall married and unmarried be,
 Not to themselves, but to eternity ;
 Then sleep ye happy ashes here,
 Nor let a groan, a sigh, or tear
 Disturb your rest ; till the glad noise
 Of the world waking trumpet's voice
 Raise you from this dead sleep, and call
 Your dust from this sad funeral,
 To wed their souls, and soul and body bring,
 Unto the marriage of the lamb their king.

On Katherine Dent, Widow of John Dent, Esq;

In this cold bed here consummated are,
 The second nuptials of a happy pair ;
 Whom envious Death once parted, but in vain,
 For now himself hath made them one again.
 Here wedded in the grave, and 'tis but just,
 That they that were one flesh, should be one
 dust.

On

On Robert Simpson.

ST A Y passenger, consider well,
 That thou e'er long with me must dwell ;
 Since thou on earth has but short stay,
 Remember then to watch and pray.
 To honour *God*, with fear and dread,
 Learn thou this lesson from the dead.

On John Locart.

BEholder —
 Take time, while time doth serve, 'tis
 time to day,
 But secret dangers still attend delay ;
 Do what thou can'st, to day hath eagle's wings,
 And who can tell, what change to morrow
 brings.

On Elizabeth Box.

ST A Y gentle reader, spend a tear,
 Upon the dust that slumbers here ;
 And when you read the state of me,
 Think on the glass that runs for thee.

On

On Thomas Brown.

FArewel vain world, I have had enough of thee,
 And now I am careles, what thou say'st of me;
 Your smiles I court not, nor your frowns I fear,
 My cares are past, my head lies quiet here;
 What faults you see in me, take care and shun,
 And look at home, enough is to be done.

Another.

Hic jacet Tho. Shorthose.

SINE tome, sine sheets, sine riches,
 Qui vixet;
 Sine gown, sine cloak, sine briches.

Obiit 15th Day of August.

In Chiswick Church-yard.

HERE lies the clay,
 Which t'other day ;
 Enclos'd Sam. Savage's soul,
 But now 'tis free and unconfin'd,
 'Tis fled and left the clod behind
 Confin'd within this hole.

K

Qd

On Blouzelinda.

Lament ye fields, and rueful symptoms show,
 Henceforth let not the smelling primrose grow ;
 Let weeds instead of butter-flow'r's appear ;
 And meads, instead of daisies, hemlock bear.
 For cowslips sweet, let dandelions spread,
 For *Blouzelinda*, blithsome maid, is dead !
 Lament ye swains, and o'er her grave bemoan,
 And spell ye right this verse upon her stone :
 Here *Blouzelinda* lies — alas ! alas !
 Weep shepherds — and remember flesh is grafts.

G A Y.

On George Wilson, Rector.

HE was a preacher, who for all his pains,
 Treasur'd not any but celestial gains ;
 Dy'd only rich in vertues, as in years,
 Those are his wishes which are others fears.
 To live retiredly not to be known,
 Save in the pulpit, and among his own ;
 He was a man of peace, only some strife,
 There was between his doctrine and his life.

Which

Which should be more instructive, for indeed,
His actions were all sermons, could you read
Those works, y'u sure would think as well as I,
All this and more due to his memory.

1631.

On Isack Williams, Taylor.

HEre *Stitch* the taylor in his grave doth lie,
Who by a stitch did live, and by it die.

On Stephen and Mary.

HEre lies honest *Stephen* with *Mary* his bride,
Who merrily liv'd, and chearfully dy'd ;
They laugh'd and they lov'd, and drank while
they were able,
But now they are forc'd to knock under the
table,
This marble which formerly serv'd 'em to
drink on.
Now covers their bodies ; a sad thing to think
on !
That do what one can to moisten our clay,
Twill one day be ashes, and moulder away.

K a

On

On Old Hare. A Sexton.

Here lies old *Hare*, worn out with care,
 Who whilome toll'd the bell ;
 Cou'd dig a grave, or set a stave,
 And say *Amen* full well ;
 For sacred song, he'd *Hopkin's* tongue,
 And *Sternhold's* eke also ;
 With cough and hem, he stood by them,
 As far's his word wou'd go.
 The worms have lost their good old host,
 Who them full often fed ;
 For he is gone, with skin and bone,
 To starve 'em now he's dead.
 Here take his spade, and use his trade,
 Since he is out of breath ;
 Cover the bones of him who once,
 Wrought journey-work with death.

On a Drunkard.

BY *thee* the drunkard while he liv'd would
 say,
 The more I drink, the more methinks I may :
 But see how death hath prov'd his saying just,
 For he hath drunk himself as dry as dust.

12

In` Edmonton Church-yard.

Hic jacet

NEWBURY WILL,
Vitam finivit cum Cochia Pill;
Quis administravit? Bellamy Sue;
Quantum quantitatis
Nescio fesnitu?
Ne sutor ultra crepidum.

Here lieth

NEWBURY WILL.
Who ended his life in taking a *Cochia* pill;
Who gave it him?
Bellamy Sue;
How much did he leave her?
I don't know, do you?
A shoemaker cannot go beyond his last.

On a Child, who died just after born.

THIS little child into the world did peep,
Dislik'd it, clos'd it's eyes, and fell asleep.

An.

An EPITAPH on Mr Pitcher.

THIS Pitcher often to the well has gon,
Has oft been fill'd with Claret and Languo
goon;
With cheering Sack and sparkling brisk Cham
pane,
And Bristol milk the best that came from Spain.
But now the Pitcher fails, pray what's the
matter,
'Twill hold no wine, nor ale, nor Epsom water;
This Pitcher verifies the proverb past,
'Tis come home broken from the well at last.
What pity 'tis, but I'll conclude my story,
Amphora non meruit tam pretiosa mori.

*On John Die, Who died in a drunken Fit.**A Dialogue between Mr Hervey, Minister of the Parish, and Death.**HERVEY.*

OCruel, unrelenting Death, O why,
Why wou'd you force poor honest Die,
to die?
Die was not yet prepar'd to die I fear,
Nor for his sins had time to shed one tear.
'Twas

'Twas wrong to seize him in a drunken fit;
You shou'd have spar'd him till he had more
wit.

D E A T H.

Tell me, good sir, when could I find him sober,
Sedate and cool without some fellow toper ;
At midnight drunk, next morn with aking
noddle,
Begins again, holds on till night to fuddle ;
If *Die* must ne'er die, 'till he's free from drink,
Die must ne'er die, I verily do think ;
You shou'd have warm'd him of his later end,
And taught him wisely his last hours to spend.

In Abbington Church-yard, in the County of Berks.

On a young Maiden Lady.

Fly from vain cares, and chuse the best,
With me in heaven to be blest ;
Earthly treasures are but a gilded dust,
Yet heaven adores the glorious just.

In

*In Hackney Church-yard.**On Penneniah Tuckes.*

A Maid near fifteen,
Is laid in this green ;
To rest a short space :
But after a time,
This rose in it's prime,
Shall rise again by God's grace.

Boetius's Epitaph on his wife Helpes.

LED by the charms of my kind Lord I came
To Rome, Sicilian HELPES was my name ;
My days, nights, hours, he did with pleasure
crown,
One were our bodies, and our souls were one.
Though forc'd from hence, I do my fate survive,
Whilst still my nobler part in him doth live ;
A stranger in this sacred porch I lie,
And of th' eternal judge I testify,
O ! let no hand invade my tomb, unless,
My Lord would mingle this my dust with his :
As once one bed, then should we have one
grave,
And I in both shou'd him my much-lov'd part-
ner have.

On

On Mary Swift.

HE R blooming youth was like a flower,
Cut down and wither'd in an hour.

On a Footman.

THIS nimble footman ran away from Death,
And here he rested, being out of breath ;
Here Death him overtook, made him his slave,
And sent him on an errand to the grave.

On a Lady dying in Child-birth.

BORN at the first to bring another forth,
She leaves the world to leave the world her
worth ;
Thus, *Phœnix* like, as she was born to bleed,
Dying herself, renews it in her seed.

To the Memory of John Maylord of Furnivals-Inn, Gent.

DEATH is the painful way that all must tread,
Joyful to them that are by virtue led ;
Then grieve not, friends, because I dy'd so soon,
My day's journey finish'd e'er twas noon.
A kind relation and a generous friend,
Who liv'd in peace, and in peace did end.

I

On

On Stephen Rumbold, Born 1582.

HE liv'd one hundred and five,
Sanguine and strong,
An hundred to five,
You live not so long,

Dy'd 1687.

On Anne Brown.

FArewel dear husband, I am gone before,
To pave the way, and pay kind nature's
score;
You soon must follow, for you cannot stay,
Our Saviour calls, and you must then obey.

On a Chandler,

HOW might his days end that made weeks?
or he,
That could make light, here laid in darkness be;
Yet since his weeks were spent how could he
chuse,
But be depriv'd of light, and his trade lose.
Yet dead the chandler is, and sleeps in peace,
No wonder! long since melted was his greace.
It seems that he did evil, for day-light
.He hated, and did rather wish the night.

Yet

Yet came his works to light, and were like gold,
Prov'd in the fire, but could not trial hold ;
His candle had an end, and Death's black night,
Is an extinguisher of all his light.

On John Lilburn.

He was an Officer in Oliver's Time.

UNtimely cause so late, and late because,
To some much mischief it no sooner was :
Is *John* departed, and is *Lilburn* gon !
Farewel to both, to *Lilburn* and to *John*.
Yet being dead, take this advice from me,
Let them not both in one grave buried be ;
Lay *John* here, and *Lilburn* thereabout,
For if they both should meet, they would fall
out.

On Tom Hicks.

HE'R E lies *Tom Hick's* body,
Who liv'd a fool, dy'd a nody ;
Reader can you tell,
Whether fools souls goes to heaven or hell ?

On an Infant.

TRead softly, passenger, for here doth lie,
A dainty jewel of sweet infancy ;
A harmless babe, that only came and cry'd,
In baptism to be wash'd from sin, and dy'd.

On John Isham, Esq; His Son.

ISaw the world too soon, and soon I dy'd,
But had I longer liv'd to have espy'd ;
A world of mischief in this world contain'd,
I might have lost that which I now have gain'd.

On John Cruker, Bellows-Maker.

Here lies John Cruker, a maker of bellows,
His craft's master, and king of good fellows,
But at the hour of his death,
He that made bellows could not make breath.

On a Cobler.

Death at a cobler's door oft made a stand,
And always found him on the mending hand ;

At

At last came Death in very foul weather,
 And ript the *soal* from the *upper-leather* :
 Death put a trick upon him, and what was't,
 The cobler call'd for's *awle*, Death brought his
last.

On Thomas Jackson.

Reader thou may'st forbear to put thine eyes,
 To charge for tears, to mourn these ob-
 sequies ;
 Such charitable drops would best be given,
 To those who late, or never, come to heaven ;
 But here you would by weeping on this dust,
 Allay his happiness with thy mistrust :
 Whose pious closing of his youthful years,
 Deserves thy Imitation, not thy tears.

In St Brides Passage Fleetstreet.

To the Memory of Zadock Shelmerdine.

FOR feats in *Flanders* plains renown'd,
 Here lies a *British* blade ;
 Age gave at last the fatal wound,
 Which foes in vain essay'd.

Yet

Yet boasts the grave but half it's prey,
 Whilst friends his name adore ;
 His deeds still consecrate his clay,
 And what do Marlbro's more.

On Mrs Robinson.

O Passer by,
 Thou, thou, must die,
 As sure as I ;
 My soul's at rest,
 But thine's opprest,
 My state is best.

Then let thy care and pleasure be,
 To serve thy God and rest with me.

On saunt'ring Jack and idle Joan.

I Nterr'd beneath this marble stone,
 Lie saunt'ring Jack, and idle Joan.
 While rolling threescore years and one
 Did round this globe their courses run ;
 If human things went ill or well ;
 If changing empires rose or fell ;
 The morning past, the evening came,
 And found this couple still the same.
 They walk'd and eat, good folks : What then ?
 Why then they walk'd and eat again :

They

They soundly slept the night away :
 They did just nothing all the day :
 And having bury'd children four,
 Wou'd not take pains to try for more.
 Nor sister either had, nor brother ;
 They seem'd just tally'd for each other.

Their moral and Oeconomy
 Most perfectly they made agree ;
 Each virtue kept it's proper bound,
 Nor trespass'd on the other's ground.
 Nor fame, nor censure they regarded :
 They neither punish'd, nor rewarded.
 He car'd not what the footmen did,
 Her maids she neither prais'd, nor chid :
 So ev'ry servant took his course ;
 And bad at first, they all grew worse.
 Slothful disorder fill'd his stable ;
 And sluttish plenty deck'd her table.
 Their beer was strong ; their wine was Port ;
 Their meal was large ; their grace was short.
 They gave the poor the remnant meat,
 Just when it grew not fit to eat.

They paid the church and parish rate ;
 And took, but read not the receipt :
 For which they claim'd their Sunday's due,
 Of slumb'ring in an upper pew.

No man's defects sought they to know ,
 So never made themselves a foe.
 No man's good deeds did they commend ;
 So never rais'd themselves a friend.

Nor

Nor cherish'd they relations poor :
 That might decrease their present store :
 Nor barn nor house did they repair :
 That might oblige their future heir.

They neither added, nor confounded :
 They neither wanted, nor abounded.
 Each *Christmas* they accompts did clear ;
 And wound their bottom round the year.
 Nor tear, nor smile did they employ
 At news of public grief, or joy.
 When bells were rung, and bonfires made,
 If ask'd, they ne'er deny'd their aid :
 Their jugg was to the ringer's carry'd ;
 Who ever either dy'd, or marry'd.
 Their billet at the fire was found ;
 Whoever was depos'd or crown'd.

Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wise ;
 They would not learn, nor could advise :
 Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,
 They led — a kind of — as it were :
 Nor wish'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cry'd :
 And so they liv'd ; and so they dy'd.

PRIOR

On

On a Tomb in Canterbury Cathedral.

HE who's imprison'd in this narrow Room,
Was't not for Custom, needs nor Verse
nor Tomb :
Nor can, from these, a Memory be lent
To him, who must be his Tomb's Monument ;
And, by the Vertue of his lasting Fame,
Must make his *Tomb* live long, not *it* his Name.
For, when this gaudy Monument is gone,
Children of th' unborn World shall spy the Stone
Which covers him, and to their Fellows cry ;
'Tis here, 'tis hereabout Berkley does lye.
To build his Tomb, then, is not thought so safe,
Whose *Vertue* must out-live his *Epitaph*.

Near the same.

On REBECCA SPRAKELING, not 14.

COntemplate oft, and have in Memory,
Both thy Life's Shortness and Uncertainty.

Another very near it, of the same Family.

WH O do their Ancestors commend,
But they whose Lives are virtuous to
the End ?

L

Sacred

*Sacred to the Memory of WILLIAM PRUDE,
Esq; Lieutenant-Colonel in the Belgic Wars.
Killed at the Siege of Maestricht, the 12th of
July, 1632.*

*On a fine Monument in the Cathedral at Can-
terbury.*

STAND Soldiers ; e'er you march, by Way of Charge,
Take an Example here, which may enlarge Your Minds to noble Actions. Here, in Peace, Rests one whose Life was War ; whose rich Increase Of Fame and Honour from his Valour grew, Unbegg'd, unbought : For what he won, he drew By just Desert ; having in Service been A Soldier, 'till near Sixty, from Sixteen Years of his active Life : Continually Fearless of Death, yet still prepar'd to die, In his religious Thoughts : For, 'midst all Harms, He bore as much of Piety as Arms.

Now, Soldiers, on, and fear not to intrude The Gates of Death, by Example of this *Prude*.

*On Sir THOMAS THORNHURST ; near the above.
1627.*

STAY, gentle Reader, pass not slightly by : This Tomb is sacred to the Memory Of noble THORNHURST. What he was, and who, There is not Room enough on me to show ;

Nox

Nor his great Story out at length t' explain,
 Both *Germanies*, the *newfound World*, and *Spain*.
Ostend's long Siege, and *Newport* Battle try'd
 His Worth : At last, warring with *France*, he
 dy'd :

His Blood seal'd that last Conquest; for Black *Rhee*,
 Gave him, at once, both Death and Victory.
 His Death, as well as Life, victorious was:
 Fearing lest *Rhee*, — as might be brought to pass
 By others, might be lost in Time to come,
 He took Possession, 'till the Day of Doom.

ANOTHER there.

On Dame DOROTHY THORNHURST. 1620.

HAD *Juno*, *Venus* and *Minerva* Praise?
 Such thou wert once; yet who thy Fame
 will raise?

Shall Wit and Beauty meet superior Foes?
 And must this Urn thy various Gifts inclose?
 Low lyes thy Dust; thy Soul to Heav'n-ward
 flies,
 And claims her Seat above the Starry Skies.

Just by, on a handsome Monument of White Marble,
in Latin, wherof here follows the Translation.

HERE lies inhumed *Anna Milles*, Daugh-
 ter of *Samuel Milles*, Esq; and *Anna*
 his Wife; a Daughter well worthy of such ho-
 norable

norable and worthy Parents : Whom when you shall understand to have lived and died a Virgin, you may perhaps wonder of what Worth a Virgin is, or what Sort of a Virgin this *Anna* was. But here you may learn, if you ask : Whatever is so fair as to be beloved ? Whatever is so chaste as to be esteemed ? That all, how great or valuable soever, did concenter in our Virgin. You may ask ; What is Beauty ? Or, What is Chastity ? Her's was none of that adulterated Beauty, artfully laid on, in Colours by her own Hands, and which perishes in the Evening. Nor was her Chastity of the Sort which is liable to every Man's Call, or is sometimes seized by Violence : But her Beauty was formed only by Nature's Hand, and her Modesty squared by the Rule of Religion. Of this Harmony between her Beauty and her Chastity, all are Witnesses whose Beauty is their Care, and whose Chastity their Pride. She, conscious to herself how frail a Thing is Beauty, and how unlike Chastity alone is to a Christian Warfare, received into her Breast the whole Choir of Christian Vertues, and armed her tender Shoulders with *Christ's* whole Armour. In this Church, at the sacred Font, she gave her Name to *Christ*, and hence she assumed *Christ*, and bare his Ensigns. In this Church, this pure Sacrifer to God was constant in her daily Prayers, and a frequent Partaker of *Christ's* Holy Supper : But she was not more constant in the Public Offices of the Church, than she was in private Prayers

Prayers in her Closet ; thereby shunning both the Sight and Praise of Men, and regarding, as the Witness, him only whom she expected to be the Rewarder of her Piety. Tho' a Virgin herself, she was invited to the Marriage of the Lamb ; and, like the wise Virgins, went with her Lamp burning to meet the Bridegroom, on the 23d Day of December, in the Year 1714, and in the 20th Year of her Age.

On EDWARD the Black Prince's stately Monum-
ent, at Canterbury, in Becket's Chapel, is
this Inscription in old French.

*Cy gift le Noble Prince, Mons. EDOUARD,
aisnez Filz du tres Noble Roy EDOUARD Tiers :
Prince d' Aquitain et Gales, Duc de Cornou-
alle, et Comte de Cestre ; qui morust en la Feste
de la Trinité, questoit le VIII jour de Juin,
l' An de Grace, 1376. L' Alme de qui Dieu eit
mercy. Amen.*

TU qui passez, oue bouche close,
Par la ou ce corps repose,
Entent ce qe te dirai,
Sy come te dire le say.
Tiel come tu es, tiel fu ;
Tu seras tiel come je fu.

De la

*De la mort ne pensai je mye,
Tant come j'avo la vie.
En terre avoi grand richeſſe,
Dont j'y fis grand nobleſſe,
Terre, meſons, grand tresor,
Draps, chevaux, argent et or.*

*Mes ore ſu je, a pouvres et chetiffis,
Parfond en la terre gis :
Ma grand beaute eſt tout alee ;
Ma char eſt tout gaſtee.*

*Moule eſt eſtroit ma meſon ;
En moy na ſi vente non ;
Et ſi ore me veiſſez,
Je ne quide pas qe vous deiſſez,
Que j'eufſe onques home eſte,
Si ſu je ore de tant changee.*

*Pour Dieu priez au Celeſtian Roy,
Que mercy ait de l'ame de moy.
Tous ceulx qui pur moy prieront,
Ou a Dieu m'accorderont,
Dieu les mette en fon Paradis,
Ou nul ne poet eſtre chetiffis.*

Thus

Thus English'd long since.

Here lyeth the Noble Prince M. EDWARD, eldest Son of the most Noble King EDWARD the Thir'd; late Prince of Aquitain and Wales, Duke of Cornwall and Earl of Chester; who died on the Feast of Trinity, which was June 8, 1376. To, whose Soul GOD grant Mercy. Amen.

WHoso thou be who passest by,
Where these Corpses interred lye,
Understand what I shall say,
As at this Time speak I may.
Such as thou art, some Time was I,
Such as I am, such shalt thou be.

I little thought on the Hour of Death,
So long as I enjoyed Breath.
Great Riches here I did posseſſ,
Whereof I made great Noblenes:—
I had Gold, Silver, Wardrobes, and
Vast Treasures, Horses, Houses, Land.

But now, like Caitifs poort, am I;
Deep in the Ground, lo here I lye:
My Beauty great is all quite gone,
My Flesh is wasted to the Bone.

My House is narrow now, tho' strong;
No Vauntings now fall from my Tongue:

And

And, shouldst thou me behold this Day,
 I don't suppose but thou would'st say,
 That I had never been a Man,
 So strangely alter'd now I am.

For God's Sake, pray to the Heav'nly King,
 That he my Soul to Bliss would bring.
 All they who pray, and make Accord
 For me unto my Heav'nly Lord,
 God place them in his Paradise,
 Wherein no wretched Caitif lies.

*A TRANSLATION of the Latin Epitaph on
 MERIC CASAUBON, at Canterbury.*

Stay Passenger and shew Reverence.

Here did MERIC CASAUBON devest himself of
 the Mortal Remains of his Immortal Spirit.

The Heir of } A great Name,
 } and
 } A learned Race.

Having for his } Father ISAAC CASAUBON,
 } Uncle HENRY STEPHENS,
 } Gr. Uncle ROBERT STEPHENS.

Ah ! what Men ! What Prodigies of Erudition !
 What Ornaments of their Age !

He, having received his Learning as by Inhe-
 ritance, descending from so many learned An-
 cestors,

cestors, improved it ; and to the Ornament and Increase of Piety (which did ever sit as Queen in his Breast) happily consecrated it. He also enriched the Republic of Letters with a manifold Treasure of Things and Languages. He was a Man uncertain whether more famous for Learning or Piety. He was most remarkable for his Liberality to the Poor ; his communicative Disposition towards his Friends ; his Tenderness and Humanity to All ; and for his enduring the most exquisite Tortures of a lingering Distemper, with a Patience becoming a Christian Hero.

This Metropolitan Church boasts in bestowing the Dignity of First Canonships on both the *Casaubons* ; who held the same Rank among the Learned as she herself holds among the Churches.

Our *Casaubon* died on the Day preceding the *Ides of July, Anno 1671*, in the 75th Year of his Age, and the 46th of his Canonship.

On T I T U S O A T E S.

ANAGRAM.

T E S T I S O V A T.

Testis ovat false fruitur dum criminis lingua,
Et referens sceleris praemia Testis ovat.
Testis ovat, plorent liceat tria regna, doloris,
Author quam sicco lumine Testis ovat.
Testis ovat, quod Jerna perit, ruit Anglia, vires
Quod minuit proprias Scotia, Testis ovat.

M

Testis

*Testis ovat laetus magnos disjungere fratres,
Et pulsò è patria Cæstore Testis ovat.
Testis ovat norci dum pæna plectitur infons ;
Ebrius innocuo sanguine Testis ovat.
Testis ovat : sed falsæ qualis ovatio linguae :
Qui quod iniquus ovat, quam male Testis ovat.*

Attempted in English.

PAy'd for his Crimes, the perjur'd Witness
swears,
And shews what, for Reward, his false Tongue
dares.
Swears 'till three Kingdoms mourn : While o'er
the Prize
Our Witness triumphs with relentless Eyes :
Swears on 'till *Ireland* perish, *England* fall,
And Scotland, in one common Funeral.
Swears still dreadless of Hell, nor fearing Heaven,
'Till the great *York* be from his Country driven.
Wrong'd Innocence by perjur'd Witness dies,
Who, drunk with guiltless Blood, still swears and
lyes.
Then, since our Witness has this harden'd Face,
Let the false Wretch the Pillory disgrace.

*Translated from the Latin, at Canterbury.**Sacred to the Memory of*

**Sir GEORGE ROOKE, Kt. (Son of Sir W. Rooke,
Kt.) Vice-Admiral of England.** O how much
History

History is in that Name ! And how little able is this Inscription to publish it ! The *French* flying from the Fight, *Anno 1692.* He in a small open Boat, amidst Showers of great and small Shot, in Pursuit of so many *French* (a Thing scarce credible) did, first of all others, prepare the revenging Flames which destroyed thirteen of their best Ships of War, near *La Hogue*. Afterwards, the Difference between the *Swedes* and *Danes* being, by his Counsel, justly and happily composed, he left the North in Peace and went Southwards. There the whole Fleet of the Enemies Guard-Ships being, at *Vigo*, either burned or taken the Prize-Galeons, Vessels of immense Burden, fraught with Silver, were by him faithfully convoyed to *England*, where, with a most upright Heart, he delivered up the best Part of the whole Spoils to be deposited in the Public Treasury. With the naval Force under his Command, he, in a few Hours reduced *Gibraltar*, which, afterwards, a regular Army in vain besieged many Months. Also, in the same Career of Success, his Squadron (no less inferior in Strength than superior in Counsel and Courage) put to Flight the whole *French* Navy, which durst not hazard a Battle, tho' extremely well provided. By these glorious Actions, he opened a Way for *Charles III.* to ascend the *Spanish* Throne ; for the *Spaniards* to recover their Liberty ; and for *Europe* to injoy Peace and Tranquility. For those and other Toils undergone by this Christian Hero : For his singular Piety

to the Church : For his Fidelity to *William the Great* and *Anne the Good*, ever most religiously observed : For his causing *Britannia's Name* to resound triumphantly thro' the whole Universe : For all these great Feats, God did not grant him swelling Titles, nor envied Riches, nor the Vulgar's empty Applauses ; but the Pleasures of a sedate Mind, the Love of all good Men, and peaceful Retirement to his Paternal Inheritance, and finally an End becoming a *Christian*. He departed this Life the 24th Day of *January*, in the 58th Year of his Age, and of *Christ*, MDCCVIII.

He married three WIVES ;

Mary Howe, of *Cold-Berwick*, in *Wiltshire*.

Mary Lutterel, of *Dunster-Castle*, in *Somersetshire*.
Catherine Knatchbull, of *Merham-Hatch*, in *Kent*.

By the Second of whom he left *George*, his only Son.

On HENRY CARE, Gent. Author of the Weekly Packet from Rome, &c.

A True *Dissenter* here does lye, indeed,
 He ne'er with any or himself agreed.
 But, rather than want Subject to his Spite,
 Snake-like, he'd turn, and his own Tail would
 bite.

Some

Some Time, 'tis true, he took the juster Side ;
 But when he came, by Suff'ring, to be try'd,
 The Craven soon betray'd his Fear and Pride.
 Thence, Settel-like, he to recanting fell
 Of all he wrote, or fancy'd to be well.
 Then purg'd from Good, and thus prepar'd by
 Evil.
He fac'd to Rome, then march'd off to the Devil.

On the Earl of SHAFTSBURY.

WHenever Tyrants fall, the Air,
 And other Elements, prepare
 To combat in a Civil War:
 Huge Trees up by the Roots are torn;
 The Savage Train
 Upon the Forest, or the Plain,
 To a Procession thro' the Sky are borne.
 Sulphureous Fire displays
 Its baneful Rays;
 Then from the hollow Womb
 Of some torn Cloud does come,
 The blazing Meeter, or destructive Stone.
 Distant below, the grumbling Wind,
 Pent up in Earth, a Vent would find;
 But, falling, roars
 Like broken Waves upon the rocky Shores.
 The Earth, with Motion, rouls;
 Those Buildings, which did brave the Sky,
 Now in the humblest Posture lye:

While,

While, here and there,
A subtil Priest and Sooth-sayer
The fatal Dirges houl.

Thus when the first twelve *Cæsars* fell,
A Jubile was kept below in Hell.

But when that Heav'n designs the Brave
Shall quit this Life, to fill a Grave,
The Sun turns pale, and courts a Cloud,
From Mortals Sight his Grief to shroud ;
Shakes from his Face a Show'r of Rain,
And faintly views the World again.

The Tomb of Ancient Heroes weep,
Hard Marble Tears let fall ;
The *Genii*, who possess the Deep,
And seem the Island's Fate to keep,
Lament the Funeral.

Silence denotes the greatest Woe ;
So Calms precede a Storm :
Deep Waters smoothest are, we know,
And bear the evenest Form.

So 'tis when Patriots cease to be,
And haste to Immortality :
Their noble Souls bles'd Angels bear
To the Etherial Palace there,
Mounting upon the ambient Air,
While wounded Atoms press the Ear
Of Mortals who far distant are.
Hence sudden Grief does seize the Mind ;
For Good and Brave agree ;
Each Being moves unto its Kind
→ By native Sympathy.

So

So 'twas when Mighty COOPER dy'd,
 The *Fabius* of our Isle,
A sullen Gloom the Great o'erspread,
The Common People look'd as Dead,
 And Nature droop'd the While.
Living ; — Religion, Liberty,
 A mighty Fence he stood ;
Peers Rights, and each Man's Property,
None stronglier did maintain than he ;
 For which *Rome* fought his Blood.
Deep Politician ! *England's* peerless Peer !
 Who quash'd the Pow'r of *Rome* ;
That Change of State was brought so near,
By bringing *Romish* Worship here,
 Was by thy Skill o'er-thrown,
Unless kind Heav'n a Miracle design'd,
 Sure it could never be,
One so gigantic in his Mind,
Who soar'd a Pitch 'bove Human-Kind,
 So small a Corpse should be !
Time was, the Court ador'd thy Shrine.
 And did thee Homage pay :
But wisely thou didst countermine,
And, having found the black Design,
 Scornd'st that ignoble Play.
Having thus strongly stem'd the Tide,
 And set thy Country free ;
Thou, *Cato*-like, in Exile prid'st,
'Mong Enemies belov'd resid'st,
 While good Men envy thee.

And,

And, as the Sacred Hebrew Seer
Canaan to view desir'd ;
 So Heav'n did shew this Worthy Peer
 The End of *Papish* Trump'ry here :
 Which done, his Soul expir'd.

On a Rascally Excise-Man.

Here lies old *Satan's* Bait ; nay, what is worse,
 The Brewer's Plague and the good Ale-Wife's Curse.
 He's gone, alas ! where none of us can tell :
 But, since alive he pleas'd Old *Nick* so well,
 Gues's where he's now, in Heaven or in Hell. }

On a very wicked Reprobate.

Here stinks the Carcass of a Cursed Sinner,
 Doom'd to be roasted for the Devil's Dinner.

R. WILD. D.D.

On

On the Ingenious Mr. G. M. By J. W. B. D.

I.

Under this Stone
Lyes One
By Nature for great Things design'd,
A Manly Body and Seraphic Mind
Together join'd :
But, ah ! his early Sun too soon
Went down ; with wond'rous Light
It shin'd most bright,
But set before 'twas Noon.

II.

Heav'n snatch'd his better Part, the Soul ;
A Pledge, that his Mortality,
Which here inhumed does lye,
Shall rise again ;
When Heav'n will claim the Whole,
And he shall in eternal Glories reign.
The mighty Debt is pay'd,
And here are lay'd
His frail Remains, to rest in Dust,
Till the last Trumpet's awful Sound
Shall early raise the sleeping Just,
And guilty Couds, tho' later, load the cum-
ber'd Ground.

N

To

III.

To add no more ;
 Four-Score,
Cramm'd into Twenty-three, lye bury'd here !
 Reader, now go thy Way ; admire,
 How holy Love, how filial Fear,
 How Youth with Age, how Wit and Grace,
 Could thus unite, could thus embrace !
 And, like him, then aspire
 To Heights uncommon : Thus the Soul, refin'd,
 Shall triumph over Death, and endless Pleasures
 find.

On a BAKER.

HEre Pijfor rests, who liv'd full Sixty Years,
 And, to all Men's Surprise, preserv'd his
 Ears :
 Not that he was more honest than the Rest ;
 But Fools have Fortune, and he had the best.

On SARAH.

S*ARAH* liv'd, and *Sarah* mov'd ;
Sarah thriv'd, and *Sarah* lov'd :
Sarah fat, and *Sarah* sleep'd ;
Sarah wak'd, and *Sarah* weep'd :
Sarah sobb'd, and *Sarah* smil'd ;
Sarah was begot with Child :

Sarah

Sarab sigh'd, and *Sarab* sung ;
Sarab would not hold her Tongue ;
Sarab p---s'd, and *Sarab* cry'd ;
Sarab sh---t, and so she dy'd.

On PHILIP, the Honest Taylor.

HEre lyes an Honest Taylor ; not a Thief.
 Pray let my Words, for once, gain your
 Belief.

I know, you think I lye, because I say
 An Honest Taylor, at this Time of Day.
 But such this was ; my Reason's this, in short ;
 Because poor Philip dy'd not worth a Groat.

On ROBERT BARGRAVE, who had just compleated his 5th Year. In Canterbury Cathedral.

FAREWEL, sweet Boy, and farewel all, in these
 Bless'd Parents can in their best Children
 see :

Thy Life, to woe us unto Heav'n, was lent us,
 Thy Death, to wean us from the World, is sent
 us.

N 2

On

On a Grave-Stone somewhere in the North.

HERE ligs *John Hubberton*,
And there ligs his Wife ;
Here ligs his Dagger,
And there ligs his Knife :
Here ligs his Daughter,
And there ligs his Son ;
Heigh ! for brave *John Hubberton*.

On one of Queen ELIZABETH's Maids of Honour.

HEre lyes, the Lord have Mercy upon her,
One of her Majesty's Maids of Honour :
She was both young, slender and pretty,
She dy'd a Maid ; the more the Pity.

On a Shrew : Written by her Husband.

WE lived one and twenty Years,
As Man and Wife, together ;
I could not stay her longer here :
She's gone, I know not whither,
But did I know, I do protest,
I speak it not to flatter,
Of all the Women in the World,
I swear, I'd ne'er come at her.

Her

Her Body is bestowed well,
 This handsome Grave does hide her ;
 And, sure, her Soul is not in Hell :
 The Dev'l will ne'er abide her.
 But, I suppose, she's soar'd aloft ;
 For, in the late great Thunder,
 Methought, I heard her damn'd shrill Voice,
 Rending the Clouds asunder.

On WILL, the Dyer.

HE, who so often dy'd in Sport,
 Dy'd at last, no Colour for't.

*On FERDINANDO, Lord FAIRFAX: By
the D. of Bucks.*

I.

Under this Stone does lyē
 One born for Victory ;
Fairfax the Valiant, and the only He
 Who e'er, for that, a Conqueror would be.
 Both Sexes Vertues were in him combin'd :
 He had the Fierceness of the Manliest Mind,
 And all the Mildness too of Woman-kind.
 He never knew what Envy was, or Hate :
 His Soul was fill'd with Worth and Honesty,
 And with another Thing, quite out of Date,
 Call'd Modesty.

He

II.

He ne'er seem'd arrogant but in the Field, a Place
Where Arrogance herself dares seldom shew her
Face.

Had any Strangers seen him, in a Room,
With some of those whom he had overcome,
And had not hear'd their Talk, but only seen
Their Geustre and their Mien,
They would have sworn, he had the Vanquish'd
been.

For as they bragg'd, and dreadful would ap-
pear,
While they their own Ill-Lucks in War repeated,
His Modesty still made him blush to hear,
How often he had them defeated.

III.

Thro' his whole Life, the Part he bore,
Was wonderful and great :
And yet it so appear'd in nothing more,
Than in his private, last Retreat :
For 'tis a stranger Thing to find
A Man of such a glorious Mind,
As can dismiss the Power he has got,
Than Millions of those blust'ring Braves,
Those despicable Fools and Knaves,
Who such a Clutter make,
Thro' Dulness and Mistake,
In seeking after Pow'r, but get it not.

When

IV.

When all the Kingdom he had won,
 And, with Expense of Blood, had bought
 Store great enough, he thought,
 Of Fame and of Renown ;
 He then his Arms lay'd down,
 With full as little Pride
 As if he'd been of the contrary Side,
 Or one of those could do who were undone.
 He neither Wealth, nor Places sought.
 For others, not himself, he fought.
 He was content to know,
 For he had found it so,
 That, when he pleas'd to conquer, he was
 able,
 And left the Spoils and Plunder to the Rabble.
 He might have been a King,
 But that he understood,
 How far it is a meaner Thing,
 To be unjustly Great, than honorably Good.

V.

This, from the World, did Admiration
 draw.
 And, from his Friends, both Love and
 Awe,
 Rememb'ring what, in Fight, he did before ;
 'And his Foes lov'd him too,
 As they were bound to do,
 Because he was resolv'd to fight no more.

So

So bleſſ'd by all he liv'd ; but far more bleſſ'd were
we,
If we were ſure to live 'till we ſhould ſee
A Man as great in War, in Peace ſo just, as he.

On Dr. CHADERTON, First Master of Emanuel-College, Cambridge ; Aged upwards of 100. Occasioned by his long-deferred Funeral.
By J. Corſhaw.

Pardon, dear Saint, that we ſo late,
With lazy Sighs, bemoan thy Fate ;
And, with this After-Show'r of Verse,
And Tears, we now bedew thy Herſe.
Till now, Alas ! we did not weep,
Because we thought thou didſt but ſleep :
Thou liv'dſt ſo long, we did not know
Whether thou couldſt now die, or no.
We still look'd when thou ſhouldſt arife,
And ope' the Casements of thy Eyes :
Thy Feet, which had been us'd ſo long
To walk, we thought muſt ſtill go on ;
Thy Ears, after their hundredth Year,
Might well plead Custom, ſtill to hear.
Upon thy Head, that rev'rend Snow
Did dwell ſome fifty Years ago,
And then thy Cheeks did ſeem to have
Some ſad Reſemblance of a Grave.
Wert thou e'er young ! For Truth I hold,
And do believe, thou wert born old.

There's

There's none alive, I am sure, can say
 They knew thee young, but always grey ;
 And dost thou now, ven'erable Oak,
 Decline at Death's remorseless Stroke ?
 Say, ancient Sire, Why did'st thou die ?
 Leave us to write thy Elegy ?
 We're young, alas ! and know thee not :
 Send Father *Abram*, and old *Lot* ;
 Let them th' Ep'taph write, and tell
 The World thy Worth ; they knew thee well :
 When they were Boys, they heard thee preach,
 And thought some Angel did them teach.
 Awake them then, and let them come,
 And score thy Virtues on thy Tomb,
 That we at those may wonder more
 Than at thy wond'rous Age before.

On the Earl of SANDWICH ; Admiral.

HE R E lies the Dust of that illustrious Man,
 Who triumph'd o'er the Ocean :
 Who, for his Country, nobly courted Death,
 And dearly sold his glorious Breath.
 Or, in a Word ; in this cold, narrow Grave,
 SANDWICH the Good, the Great, the Brave,
 O ! frail Estate of sublunary Things !
 Lies equal here with *England's* greatest Kings.

O

On

On a gallant young LADY.

HE R E C H L O E lies,
Whose once bright Eyes
Set all Mankind on Fire;
And not to be
Ungrateful, she
Did all Mankind admire.

On a PERSON unknown.

READER, should'st thou, on trampling
o'er this Stone,
Jocosely say, --- *So! here's an End of one:*
Pr'ythee consider, what's no more than true,
Thy Self may'st prove the next to make up *two*.

F I N I S.

